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The Temper of Congress

THE SWEEPING victory in the Senate of the expanded and amended "states rights" reconversion bill of Senator George over the more ambitious Murray-Kilgore measure is highly significant. It points to the fact that a "return to normalcy" is already begun in Washington, and when one stops to think that a two-thirds majority in the Senate is required for the ratification of any treaty, concern over the prospect grows. Now that the war outlook is so favorable and pressure is reduced, congressmen are returning to their narrower interests; to short-sighted defense of national rights, to the supposed interest of their states as such, to the demands of the influential elements in their constituencies, and unfortunately this trend cannot be brushed off as a little repairing of political fences just before the election; it goes far deeper.

Another example is found in the current comments of Representative Dewey (Ill.) on the International Monetary Agreement concluded at Bretton Woods. Not that this agreement in all its details is beyond criticism. But Congressman Dewey is reported to be concerned lest the United States indulge in "international altruism" without having much to show for it; he fears the potential cost to the United States of as much as $2,750,000,000 in order to increase world trade and stabilize currencies. While if we fail to accomplish this, there is danger that the other nations of the world may go off the gold standard and leave us holding a bag with the great bulk of the world's gold bullion (it is now in our own possession). No nation in the world has a greater stake in currency stabilization on a gold basis—or increased international trade, for that matter. But the approach of Congressman Dewey is typical.

Or take the question of continuing British and other lend-lease after the cessation of hostilities. The primary basis for deciding this should be whether or not such a policy would make for a strong Britain or otherwise. In the light of current conditions, that is to our true interest, a means of preventing another European war. And if it is to our interest that our allies, upon whose collaboration we are counting so heavily to prevent another war, be prosperous and strong, so it is to America's interest that every people without aggressive records or intentions be strong and prosperous. In fact to do everything in our power to further such a development is the only way to make sure of continuing to enjoy our present material and other advantages. To talk of such things only in these terms should be plain enough, but how few in Congress today are capable of conceiving national self-interest with such realism. Despite the terible cost of this war to the American people, there is again grave danger that we shall not have enough follow-through in peacetime to secure the ends for which so many have fought and died. And the gravest danger just now lies in Congress itself.

Factors in the Fate of Germany

NOW THAT from both west and east German armies seem to be being pushed back with the same decisiveness with which they advanced a few years back, the problem of what is to be done about Germany is less and less an academic or even a wishful problem and more and more a confrontation with the tangible future. In London there is an interallied Commission of European Affairs, which has quietly been working away at a solution. Nothing has yet publicly emerged from its deliberations, but recent indications lead to the suspicion that the plan which this Commission intends to propound is Carthaginian, involving territorial compensation, vast transfers of population, etc. The recent attack on Lord Perth (who preaches moderation) in *Pravda* indicates where a lot of the pressure is coming from: "If those who perished in German furnaces could have known how indulgently the liberal Lord looks upon the 'German spirit' of the young German

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beasts, they would have cursed this advocate of executioners and torturers."

Nor can we dismiss the hatred engendered in English hearts by the robot bombing. But what really gives an indication of the plans being formulated by the Commission is an outburst in the London *Economist*. This weekly journal is by no means given to sensationalism; indeed it is highly conservative in its attitude toward mere rumors. Its editors must then have had real grounds for their strong language in condemning what they believe may be a hard peace rather than a peace of moderation. Their line of argument carries with it a certain amount of conviction. They insist that "hard facts, not the morals of the case or the goodness or badness of the Germans are the compelling reasons why, in a settlement with Germany, it is absolutely necessary to go the way of moderation. It is only the moderate that will be enforced—not now, but in the fifteen or twenty years' time when the fat and lazy habits of peace time have returned. Moderation is very different from leniency. A moderate peace would include punishment of war criminals, a period of physical reparation and possibly some frontier rectification in the east, where exchanges as opposed to transfers of population would be possible."

This suggests to us an additional reason, apart from natural indignation, for Russia's wanting a hard peace. A country organized as is the Soviet Union need not fear that fifteen years hence it will relax its attitude under popular pressure. It will relax it when and if it sees an advantage to be gained. Hence a hard peace is a safe policy for Russia. It will satisfy the immediate aspirations of the Russian people and it puts the Russian government in a far better bargaining position than would any settlement based upon moderation. We must always take these various factors into account as we weigh the alternatives.

Army Reading Ban

AT THE OUTSET two things may be said concerning the Army's recent strict interpretation of the literature restrictions in the soldier vote law. While the exertion of undue political influence on service men would be bad, the possibility of doing so in our armed forces is negligible indeed. In the second place, while the pre-election ban on "political" literature seems to have been applied not only to "General Issue" but also to the sale of papers and magazines at Army Post Exchanges, it does not go so far as to affect books and journals available at USO centers, nor is a soldier prohibited in any way from making purchases on his own outside of camp.

Navy officials have told reporters that they have experienced little trouble in these matters. That the Army has gone to such lengths in "failing to select" certain books and periodicals seems to indicate disgust over these restrictions. Senator Taft, who was the leading spirit in seeking to protect servicemen from undue influence of a printed sort, is reported to have dubbed current Army policy in these matters as "silly interpretation" of the law. But the rigorism of which he complains has led to unanimous Senate repeal of the provision. Who would deny to servicemen any opportunity to weigh election issues?

Up to this point it is generally reported that while the men in the service are determined to make their political influence felt once they have returned to their homes, they have evinced little interest in the coming presidential election. It now looks as if Senator Taft and the Army have actually handled the thing in a way sure to heighten the GI's interest in current politics and to produce more soldier votes.

The Quebec Election

THE RECENT provincial election in Quebec resulted in an upset for the existing Liberal government under Prime Minister Godbout. It was not by any means a sweeping upset. Indeed the Liberals received a larger share of the popular vote than did their opponents, the Union Nationale. But the Union Nationale won a bare majority of the seats in the provincial house—47 as against 43 for all the other parties combined. The only serious difference between the two major parties in this election lay in the extent to which they advocated collaboration with the Ottawa administration in the war effort: the Liberals wanted to continue completely cooperative, whereas the UN insisted upon the reassertion of Quebec's provincial rights. It is a little difficult to understand exactly what was meant, in practice, by this difference. And since the decision of the voters is by no means clear cut, probably there will either be another election or things will continue very much as in the past.

The real significance of this election lies in the thorough trouncing administered to the Bloc Populaire, which had made a great effort, putting over 80 candidates in the field. It succeeded in electing only 4. Its expectations were thus cruelly deceived. And this is to the good, since there can be no question that the Bloc, although denying anti-Semitism, has in fact consistently used it as an election weapon. Furthermore, the Bloc represents an extreme of nationalism which bodes no good for either the French or the English in Canada. And finally it is remarkable that the CCF succeeded even in electing one member to the provincial house, in view of its newness in the Province and its lack of experience with the French Canadian electorate.

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Prisons

IN THIS room there is a worn out place in the carpet and the cement floor of the office shows through the carpet. The carpet is red and for a few moments in the afternoon the New York Life Insurance Building towering across the street does not block the sunlight and where the sunlight strikes the carpet the red becomes so bright that no one could paint it with paints. Round the hole in the carpet the gray cotton shows and the jute backing is yellow. The paint is worn off the cement floor but there is a red line still which crosses it. It is so hot that you sit and look at the hole in the carpet. A little beyond the hole there must have been a desk, with a chair in front of the desk. The hole must have been made by a man sitting in the chair and turning his chair to talk to people who came in to sell him something. It is so hot that this question is very interesting. The rest of the room is as dark as it can be made, on account of the heat, but the sunlight comes between the shade and the window sill and illuminates the red carpet and the hole in the carpet. If you could mend the hole in the carpet the noise of the air brakes on the trucks in the street would cease. If there were a beautiful new carpet it would not be hot any more, and if there were a marble floor you would be in an Italian palace and outside there would be gardens with statues and the water running down the ordered cascades beneath umbrella pines, or it would be like the Alhambra where the water is planned to make different sounds as its speed and volume are measured in the tiled channels which lead from basin to basin—and the hot dry hills rise between Granada and the sea.

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Silvio Pellico, the Man in the Iron Mask, the man in Sing Sing, the man in the Tombs, the prison of Regina Coeli in Rome, the prisons of Cherche-Midi and of Fresnes in Paris. From the bar on top of the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco you look out over the bay and the strong currents swirl round Alcatraz so that when a prisoner tries to escape he is caught in the currents. The little country prison in the South where the Negro is locked up. The guilty and the guiltless locked up all over the world, the political prisoner and the murderer. In every prison, a man stares at the spider patiently catching the fly, stares at the fly on the floor, stares at the fly crossing the line which separates the shade from the sunlight, walking across the red carpet, reaching the frayed edges of the carpet round the hole, descending along a thread of dirty yellow jute, to the gray cement floor.

The murderers will not come out of their prisons so that for the moment it is purposeless to think much about them. But the others will come out of their prisons. Even the Jews. It is not possible to think about such great numbers of men and women as are now in the German prisons in Europe. You would have to make a list of the conquered countries in Europe and then you would have to know Germany and the emplacements of all the concentration camps in Germany. You would have to know Poland also because the Germans have placed camps in Poland. And France also because there are camps in France. And Norway and Austria. It is not possible to think of so many places in which so many people are imprisoned.

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So that there are only statistics, and of course the intelligence services have the places marked on the map so that the planes will avoid bombing them if possible. But if you take the captive people of only one country, and if you do not take into account the Jews of that country who are in concentration camps, or the men of that country who have been brought to Germany to work in Germany, then you reach a figure which is a small figure, a figure you can understand. When you say a man has fifty millions that means nothing to anyone, but when you say that a man has a million dollars that is a phrase an American has been brought up to understand. A girl looks like a million dollars.

Well, there are a million, two hundred thousand French soldiers who are prisoners in Germany. They have been in Germany four years. They have been extremely unhappy for four years. For every day of four years. Sundays included. Four springs, four summers, four autumns, four winters. The days and the nights.

One has to think of these men now for, apparently, there is what is called a "problem" about repatriating them to France as soon as victory is won. A dispatch in the New York *Times* from Harold Callender in Algiers says that the French in Algiers are worried because of an "apparent Allied decision" that it will take seven months or so to bring the French prisoners back to France. The French admit that there will be transportation difficulties and that it will not be easy to provide work and food for a million two hundred thousand Frenchmen suddenly returned to a disorganized and ruined French economy. But the French have the curious idea that the first thing victory should bring is the liberation of the prisoners, of all prisoners everywhere and, first of all, the freedom of their own compatriots who are prisoners. They say that it will not take seven months for the prisoners to walk straight home—only, that if this is the way it happens, it will not be a pleasant sight to see these men struggling along the roads.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Our Post-War Armed Forces

How shall we organize our national defenses?

Harry Lorin Binsse

AFTER THIS WAR is over and some sort of peace has been hammered out on the anvil of various national self-interests (one may hope also with some slight consideration for the world's interest), what form will the various branches of our armed forces take? There has been talk of combining naval, air force and army departments under a single, unified command and staff. Whether this would be a desirable change is probably too technical a question for any layman to argue. There has also been talk about (indeed, considerable agitation and heavy pressure for) enacting universal peacetime military training. Given the experience of the last thirty years as well as the temper of the American people, it seems more than likely that some sort of general military service will be thought necessary by the politicians and will be not unpopular with the general public.

One may regret this proposal and give all the classical reasons for opposing it. Unfortunately certain obvious facts of modern life have so impressed themselves on the minds of Americans that these classical reasons carry little weight. As long as other large nations in various parts of the globe have large military establishments of their own, Americans are going to feel conscious of the possibility of attack, even across such obstacles as the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. We have become almost too aware of the airplane and of the revolution the airplane has effected in military affairs. Even those who were formerly the most convinced isolationists have lost their confidence in the efficacy of our continent's natural defenses; only citizens who are willing to accept the full consequences of a reasoned pacifism—including the consequence of submission to foreign conquest in case of necessity—are likely to urge that we do away with our military establishment. The chances are, then, that once the present conflict is over, our people will insist upon adequate defense measures being taken and kept up as an essential of national policy—at least until they become convinced that no other power in the world is likely to threaten us. In view of our great wealth, this conviction is not likely to come soon.

Already at least two bills have been introduced in Congress to provide for a permanent system of universal "military or naval training for all male citizens." These bills are at present in committee. Doubtless some form of legislation will soon emerge from committee and be submitted to the House and the Senate. Citizens have an obligation to be informed on this subject, for what is done in this direction will have a profound and radical effect upon American life—perhaps an even more profound and radical effect in the long run than any other legislative act within the power of Congress. We should therefore make up our minds on this subject after careful study of the facts and with as much imaginative power as we are able to muster.

Certainly no one wants another major war. If you assume that the principal cause of war is the existence of armed forces, then the argument that the only way to avoid war is to do away with all armies and navies is valid. Yet anyone with the most superficial knowledge of history knows that the existence of such forces is merely a secondary cause of war. The primary causes are economic and social and moral. A highly developed nation, industrially and technically skilful, feeling that its own natural resources do not give it full scope for its talents, will not hesitate to try to remedy this situation at the expense of wealthier nations. This will be especially true in the future, when races other than the Caucasian reach a higher degree of technological development. Logically, there are only two ways to counteract this natural if deplorable tendency on the part of the "have-nots." One is to convince them that they will meet with effective opposition if they develop an aggressive national temperament to the point of considering war the only remedy. The other is for the "have" nations to exercise enough common sense and moral restraint so that the feeling of injustice and persecution among the "have-nots" may be reduced to a minimum. These, I believe, in view of the disinclination of almost all nations to enter into any genuine world state, are the only formulae from which we may realistically hope for peace. The second, involving general access to raw materials, reasonable tariff policies, a generous attitude toward immigration, and a genuine feeling for justice in international affairs, it is not my purpose to discuss here. I am frankly afraid that it is the weaker hope, in the sense that it is a harder thing to expect. It cannot, for instance,

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be unilateral. Whereas the maintenance of a military establishment which will give pause to aggression can be unilateral and therefore much easier to accomplish. But of course the two formulae need not be mutually exclusive.

I am aware that to many fine spirits and minds such talk will sound like despair. Yet at the present juncture of affairs, I fear that to talk any other way is to run far greater risks than those same spirits and minds envisage. In his autobiography "Fourscore Years" (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) the English historian, G. G. Coulton, has a most useful discussion of this whole problem of warding off external attack. In it it seems to me that he disposes very happily of the claims of those who base their pacifism upon Christianity. In discussing an English movement known as the "Peace Pledge Union" he writes as follows:

> It claimed to be such a world movement as Christianity had been in its earliest stages, but most absurdly. For the early Christian pledged himself primarily to a life of the strictest morality and personal self-denial. Again, he gloried in the title of Christian among a world in which that mere name might cost him his life, or imprisonment at least. This Union, on the other hand, required nothing more than the cheap promise not to do what scarcely any sane man ever wishes to do except under extreme necessity. It implied no other moral code whatever. So far from endangering the signer's life, it offered the most obvious escape from such suffering or violent death as might fall to the lot of the ordinary unsigning citizen. In short, it was as convenient to the slacker or the coward as to the most lofty idealist. Pacifism thus organized is not, in any true sense, organized at all; it is an easy prey for the militarist, who, with all his faults, does at least organize in earnest and demand the utmost exertion and courage from all his followers. Nothing better deserves the common phrase "cheap and nasty" than cheap idealism.

Dr. Coulton likewise points out that both Lloyd George and Austen Chamberlain have since admitted that an adequate system of military training in Great Britain would probably have prevented the last war altogether, or at least would have enormously shortened it.

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Most Americans are likely to assume that if we are to have any system of compulsory military training in peacetime, it must be something similar to what has been done in most of the European nations for the last seventy years—a plan under which every young man not physically incapacitated is obliged to devote a year or more of his life to continuous training under a large corps of professional officers and non-coms. This is clearly what the authors of the present two bills before Congress have in mind. The first of these, known as the Gurney-Wadsworth Bill (H.R. 1806), was introduced on February 11, 1943. It provides that every male citizen of the United States and every male alien residing therein shall "upon attaining the age of eighteen years, or within three years thereafter, be subject to military or naval training, and shall be inducted into the Army or Navy of the United States for this purpose alone, for a period of one year." It further provides that "Each man after the completion of his training . . . shall be enrolled as a reservist in the land or naval forces of the United States for a period of four years and shall be subject to additional refresher training as may now or hereafter be prescribed by law . . ." The second bill, introduced by Representative Andrew J. May on January 11, 1944, slightly modifies the first. Our young men under its terms would be "inducted into the Army or Navy of the United States for a period of one year" upon reaching the age of seventeen, or "immediately upon the successful completion of the full course of an accredited high school or preparatory school, whichever first occurs." The May Bill likewise provides for eight years instead of four as a reservist, "subject to such additional refresher training as may now or hereafter be prescribed by regulation promulgated by the President, or as may hereafter be prescribed by law."

It should be carefully noted that under both pieces of proposed legislation young men are to serve a full year of training, *in the Army or Navy* of the United States, and that no maximum length of time is set for the refresher training which may be required of them. Such a system has an irresistible appeal for the professional military man, but involves all the evils which have characterized the European system for the last hundred years. No thoughtful citizen could view with equanimity the imposition of such a set-up upon the American way of life.

As I have said, this is likely to be the kind of preparedness advocated by professional military men, and likewise by thousands of reserve officers who would like to regularize their present jobs when the war is over. From their point of view, it possesses great advantages. It is thoroughly centralized and can operate with a minimum of civilian criticism. It is very simple to administer. And it will mean the establishment of a large permanent officer personnel. If one conceives of the nation existing for the sake of the Army and Navy, then there is little objection one can logically raise to letting the Army and the Navy have its way. But if one conceives of the Army and the Navy merely as being useful servants of the nation, then this kind of system must be opposed as firmly as we possibly can. For it is a system which leads directly to the glorification of the armed forces, as we have seen it come to pass in Germany and Japan.

Our whole assumption as a people has been that universal military training should only be considered as a measure of defense and in case of absolute necessity. Should we not, therefore, try to devise a system of military training which

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will lend itself to strong defense but which will not carry with it the evils of the type of military service envisioned by the Gurney-Wadsworth and May Bills? A system, also, which will involve minimum disturbance of our educational system and social life?

Let it be said at once that the European system of universal service acts as an incentive to war principally by creating a large officer class in which promotion and public attention and material rewards come only as a result of war. That is its greatest evil. Not only does it provide an aggressive policy with a weapon to implement that aggressiveness, but it provides any politicians who tend toward an aggressive policy with a large group in the community whose personal interests lie entirely in promoting such a policy, and who may find themselves confronted with a lifetime of obscurity and penury if the nation does not go to war. The existence of a large professional officer class is therefore the most important single thing to avoid if the primary purpose of military training is to provide a country with adequate defense against aggression.

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Nor should we forget that there exists an American tradition regarding the peacetime armed forces which should not be completely scrapped, because it agrees with the general temper of our people and because it avoids many of the evils of centralization. Obviously this tradition does not apply with equal force to the Navy, but equally obviously, by its very nature, the Navy need never prepare for so great a sudden expansion in time of war as the Army or the Air Force. This American tradition involves local militias, or state guard units, trained under the supervision of the Army of the United States, but retaining considerable autonomy and including a large *reservist* (hence not professional) officer corps. It is true that we have never tried to combine this largely voluntary system with anything approaching compulsory military training, and hence it has never been as strong as what we shall probably need after this war. Moreover, since it was voluntary, our National Guard system has sometimes tended to slackness, precisely as was true in England with the "Territorials."

But there is one country in Europe which has insisted upon maintaining the militia system, combining it with compulsory training for the sake of efficiency and strength. That country is generally credited with having a quiet but extraordinarily efficient, thoroughly modern military establishment. And the fact remains that for more than a hundred years no one has attacked it. The fact also remains that during the present war it is the only country where Germany and Italy, nazism and fascism have been criticized with reasonable liberty in the press. (One might add that we have had our share of criticism also.) It is the only European neutral which has announced that it will not give refuge to nazi leaders. That country is Switzerland. You can argue that she owes as much to her terrain as to her army system, and that is true. But had her defenses been less formidable and her policy less realistic, certainly the story would have been different. Is it not significant that socialist opposition to an intensification of her defenses was withdrawn at once in 1932, the minute Hitler began to look dangerous? Can as much be said for the socialists in any other European country?

Indeed the essence of the Swiss military system is common sense and a determination to make the army an efficient defender of the state, but one which shall never presume to consider itself superior to the state. Here is Helvetia's proud boast: "There is no standing army, but a truly national militia, and the defense of the Republic rests with its citizens." Of course this is a slight over-statement. Under modern technological conditions there must necessarily be a continuing and professional staff of officers. But such careerists are kept to an absolute minimum (in all there are about 400) and since the ideal is to have only as many of them as are really needed, promotion is not too slow within their ranks and they constitute no active proponents of war. Quite the contrary. On them rests the duty of seeing to it that the system they direct will be sufficiently formidable to prevent war.

Of course you may argue that Switzerland is a very small country and that her problems are altogether different from those of a major power. Nor would anyone urge that any nation lift bodily the institutions of another. That in itself would be foolish. But the principles to which the Swiss have adhered throughout their modern history seem to me to be valid elsewhere and certainly to suit our traditions. Remember that Switzerland is the only federal republic in Europe. Federalism as well as diversity of cultures and languages characterize its life even more strongly than they do ours. Should we not at least examine the general outlines of what she has so successfully done for the last hundred years?

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In summary outline the Swiss military system operates approximately as follows. Under the Constitution there cannot be any standing army. The central government (called the Confederation) has the sole right of legislation in military matters, but the execution of these laws is partly in the hands of the Cantons, under federal supervision. There is a complex arrangement whereby the mustering of units, the nomination and promotion of officers and the payment for equipment

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and uniforms belong to the Cantons, again subject to certain general principles laid down by the Confederation and subject to financial reimbursement from the Confederation. The purpose of all this is to rest *ultimate* control with the federal executive while making it almost impossible for the federal executive to deprive the Cantons of reasonable autonomy.

At the age of nineteen every male Swiss citizen has to present himself for military service. He is put through a series of examinations to ascertain his mental, physical and moral qualifications. These examinations are very stiff, and the consequence is that in peacetime often considerably less than a half of any given class is found eligible; in time of emergency the standards are lowered, thus affording the state a larger reserve for training. Certain persons are exempt, among them clergymen and those whose professions would render them vital in case of war, such as telegraph, telephone and railway employees. Young men who fail the first test are given an opportunity to try again until they reach a certain age. Those who are totally disqualified (whatever the reason) must, until they reach the age of 48, pay an additional annual tax of a minimum of six francs, plus a small percentage on their property and of their net income.

Once a young man has passed his examinations and is accepted for training, he is allocated to whatever branch of the service to which he seems best fitted and takes a training course which (in 1938) consisted of 116 days for all arms except the cavalry, where the training course lasted 130 days. Thereafter, until he reaches the age of 32, he is a member of the first line (*Elite*) of the national militia, and, assuming that he is not promoted and remains a private, is required to do eight refresher courses of eighteen days each. His uniform and his rifle are his own property, paid for by the state in the first instance. If at any time a year passes without his being called on to take a refresher course, he must present himself for inspection and pass a marksman's test. From 33 to 40 he is a member of the reserve (*Landwehr*) and must take one eighteen-day refresher course. From 41 to 48 (during the present emergency this continues to the age of 60) he is a member of the territorials (*Landsturm*) and is required to take one refresher course of 13 days or less. Officers and non-commissioned officers, except for the small class of instructors and general staff members, *are all reservists*. They have to serve somewhat longer training courses, but under the same system as the rest.

The results of this set-up are remarkable. I first learned something of the merits of the Swiss system from an excellent book by Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret, "The Heart of Europe." Dr. Coulton has devoted the last thirty-five years of his life to advocacy of this same system for England, and his arguments apply with even greater force to the United States. In his autobiography he points out that the necessity of passing stiff examinations prior to coming up for military service has had an excellent effect upon the physical condition of the Swiss people, which has been further promoted by considerable grants-in-aid on the part of the government to various voluntary rifle and athletic clubs. He quotes from something a former socialist leader in Geneva said to him in 1914: "I have nothing to say against our national militia system as such. What is more, I can give you a strong point in its favor. It has practically destroyed illiteracy in Switzerland."

Moreover the democratic effect of forcing a great part of the nation's youth, regardless of social position or differences in wealth, to associate intimately together during a few months when they are young men and during a fortnight for the next eight years of their lives has all the vaunted advantages of other forms of compulsory military training without the deadening effect which comes from too much of a dose at a swallow. The periods of training are sufficiently short so that they do not interrupt the educational process or play havoc with civic life. The multiplicity of enforced refresher courses insures reasonable familiarity with technological progress in military matters. And it can promote a genuinely democratic *esprit de corps* within the community—something which our National Guard does not do in the least. As Dr. Coulton puts it, "we find there that combination which did so much for the prosperity and the liberties of England in the past, when every man was at the same time his own soldier and his own policeman."

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Before we fasten upon American life a system which cannot help having radical effects, should there not be a great deal more public discussion than there has been on this whole question? In wartime we properly entrust to the Army and Navy the selection of the means needed for victory; in peacetime we must take a different view. We should not close our ears to whatever advice professional soldiers may give us, but, like our forefathers, we should always be suspicious of their advice and act fundamentally in the interests of the peacetime life of the community. Certainly in this respect the Swiss as well as our own traditions have something to teach us.

But there must be one final word of warning. If we decide that as a nation we must have some kind of peacetime military service, then we must make up our minds that it cannot include any discrimination against any class of citizen for any reason whatever. If it does, if we attempt a citi-

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zens' army on a Jim Crow basis, we shall be introducing into our national life a profound divisive force which may be even worse than no military training at all.

Waking the Dead

JILL O'NAN

I CAN no more remember my first wake than I can recall my first steps. The dead were never more strange to me than the living, and from my earliest recollections I relished a wake. It was a veritable heaven for a shy and curious child, who could move about the thronged rooms heavy with the incense of good cigars and flowers, unnoticed. There was a goodly sprinkling of wakes for me throughout my childhood, for the Irish are always dying, and my grandmother, never one to do things by halves, gathered up all her clan for the call of sympathy. Luckily, no one worried in those day of "the psychological effect" death might have on the mind of a child. As long as I was too young to offer any expression of sympathy of my own, the dead or the house of the dead ("the corpse house," as the Irish say) held no terror for me. But once I too must press the hands of the chief mourners and whisper "I'm sorry for your trouble," then, and then only, did I quake on visiting the dead. This formula was never changed. A friend of my mother's tried once to substitute the more elegant "You have sympathy, Mr. ———," but the old Irishman frowned and cupped his ear and shouted, "What it is I have, atall?" until she reverted to the time-honored words.

There is, to American ears, something shady and reprehensible in the term "wake." It is believed, in some quarters, that all the mourners spend the night in drunken revels. Perhaps my lot was cast with particularly sober Irish, but, in my three decades of wake-going, I never saw anyone the worse for liquor. Whiskey there was to be sure, and wine and beer and tobacco, and food aplenty, for an Irishman is never so hospitable as when he's dead. It is the rigid code of hospitality which no Irishman, and particularly no Irishwoman, wears lightly, which dictates the inexorable rules of the wake. And while no undue levity would be tolerated, a good story-teller or a wit is a welcome addition to the waking party, especially during the heavy-eyed hours just before the dawn.

The wake was held at home. A funeral parlor was out of the question. Moreover, it was held for three days and three nights. Any one who did not observe this custom was subject to scorn, suspicion and surprise. It was whispered that he was in a deal of a hurry to put the corpse away. Each of the three nights a group of mourners "sat up" with the corpse. These usually volunteered, though a member of the family might ask a particularly favored friend who did not feel free to offer himself with those of kin. At midnight a substantial meal was served, planned and largely prepared by the woman of the house, whether her husband or mother or child lay dead in the room beyond. I remember my aunt, a "Yankee" country girl, was shocked that no neighbors came in to help my mother when my grandmother died. No one brought in pies or ham or baked beans as they would from the farms. Sentimental and passionate the Irish are, but Spartan too. The chief mourners are usually the chief cooks, since the living must be served in the name of the dead.

Outside the inner circle of those who sat up with the corpse, were degrees and gradations of mourners as intricate as the circles of Dante's Inferno. In the kitchen were the men of the family with their friends, lost in a miasma of tobacco smoke and the lingering odors of food. Here they discussed everything except the corpse. Business, politics, even metaphysics, I have heard discussed at wakes in subdued, earnest tones by men completely at ease with pipe and glass and a male audience. In the dining room their wives and daughters were not a single group, as were the men, but many, and these were constantly shifting to make way for the more transient mourners. Their voices were lower, as befitted those nearer the corpse in the parlor; they leaned toward one another, and tried, unsuccessfully, to whisper. Their conversation rambled, but it revolved about the dead. How well the corpse looked, what a happy death she had had, her probable age, and the reminiscences told and retold, worn thin with the telling.

It was inevitable that two types of hanger-on insinuated themselves among these priestesses of the inner temple. The first was the professional mourner, a woman of later middle age, eminently respectable and pre-eminently tiresome, who collected wakes as men collect old masters. She trumped up some tie of kin or friendship with every Irishman who died. She was early on the scene to gather up all tidbits of information concerning the fatal illness and death-bed scene. A lonely and talkative woman, often a widow or a wife whose husband has long since ceased to listen to her, the professional mourner pours out her tale like the Ancient Mariner to those who cannot choose but hear. She compares wakes in all their aspects—grief, flowers, food, the funeral sermon, number of carriages. . . . No one resents her, every one suffers her. There is at least one at every wake.

Her rival, whom she professed to disdain, was more cheerful, more anomalous, but equally ubiquitous. She was some poor biddy, half-clothed, half-starved, usually the custodian of a

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drunken father or husband, who lived on what she could "cadge"—a more elegant and subtle form of begging. Invited nowhere, wakes provided the only homes to which she had entry. These offered refreshment to the soul as well as to the stomach. She was blithely uninterested in the corpse or the bereaved family. My grandmother called this type "a streeler"; there are probably other names. I can still see the streeler's eyes shine through the grime-lined wrinkles of her weather-beaten face. She was apt to be friendly and informal with children, and I always found her a kindred spirit amid so much solemnity.

In the "reception hall," were likely to be courting couples, happy at this chance to be together under the banner of duty. Here, too, were the uneasy outsiders—neighbors or business associates—who, having duly paid their respects, could not decide whether to go or stay. The bedrooms held casual groups, usually the younger girls or matrons, talking beaux and babies, often surrounding some member of the family busy with black dresses, hats and veils which had to be remodeled for the funeral. In one darkened bedroom, if the house had more than one, several babies might be asleep on the bed. If there was no place for them upstairs, they slept rosily and heavily in their mother's arms. Older children bobbed in and out, hung on their mothers' skirts, asked for a drink of water or whispered a more intimate request, laughed aloud and were quickly hushed by their elders. In the afternoon, there were always a couple of incorrigibles who ran through the house and "acted up" until they were forcibly withdrawn by angry, abashed mothers and grandmothers.

The chief mourners stood beside the coffin in the parlor, while some one slightly less than chief (probably a son-in-law) was delegated to meet the sympathizers at the door. I was always impressed by the fact that one need not ring or knock on visiting the dead, but merely walk in. Those who had most lately come in knelt beside the coffin to offer up a few prayers for the soul of the departed. Those who had just risen from their knees to make room for the newcomers stood looking at the corpse, complimenting its appearance to members of the family, crying a little with the women, speaking well-meaning platitudes to the men. Sometimes an old friend or late enemy broke into choked, muffled sobs. Drying his eyes and blowing his nose on a blue bandanna handkerchief, the old-timer found his way to the kitchen and drowned his grief in a glass of the best whiskey he had tasted since the last wake.

I always waited with a mixture of dread and delight for the sound of the *caoine,* or keen as we have it in English, which would arise sometime during the evening, as some loved one bent over the corpse. Keening is not ordinary crying. It is, in its perfection, an art-form as surely as the negro spiritual. On a few rising notes, in a minor key, the loss and need of the dead one is told in an eerie and haunting kind of chant. It is usually addressed to the dead; "Oh, why did ye leave me, who need ye so sorely?" . . . In this strangely beautiful monotone, the keener reviews incidents of their lives together and despairs of ever knowing joy or peace again.

In the old days the coffin used to be opened at the grave, and then the keening reached its highest pitch. Almost inevitably the chief woman mourner, particularly when a husband or child was being buried, threatened to throw herself into the open grave. She was always restrained, needless to say, by those round her, but the scene she made was a nine days' wonder afterward. My grandmother had no use for such hysterical grief. She measured sorrow and devotion to the dead by a different yardstick entirely—by the state of the grave the year after, and five years after, and twenty years after.

American folkways are the poorer for the passing of the wake. But its contribution, I think, was more to sociability than to sociology. "We see each other only at wakes," the Irish say, meeting old friends again. The wake was a social center in an era which organized no such unit. One went there to weep, to talk, to pray, to eat, to display one's finery. ("Last winter," said my mother, on acquiring her first fur coat, "I went to every wake in rags, but no one is dying at all these days.") One saw the orbit of human life at a wake, and one saw death. It was a great thing to be a wide-eyed child when they were waking the dead.

Is This Our Line?

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

IT IS NOT often that an observer of American Catholic magazines is able to detect any concentration of direction in the articles which they feature. In fact, one of the most noticeable characteristics of these journals is the way their articles vary from issue to issue as to type, period and kind of problem under discussion. Probably because such periodicals are largely dependent for their articles on a supply which is never too lush and is always unpredictable.

But in recent months "from out of the West" has come an author who has done his best to remedy this deficiency. I refer to Francis Stuart Campbell, whose weighted and weighty volume, "The Menace of the Herd," was first published by Bruce early in '43 and is now said to have found its way to a number of rectory tables. The book made such an impression upon Father Gillis that in December of last year he said of the author, in an editorial in the *Catholic World,*

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that "no man writing in English today understands Central Europe better than he."

Mr. Campbell, who threatens to follow up the aforesaid "Menace" with a volume on the Catholic Church and American culture, has been pouring out a stream of articles on somewhat related subjects; he has given to certain of our contemporaries an editorial consistency in the article department which they do not often enjoy. Here is an incomplete list of the papers in which his articles have appeared: the *Catholic World* —November, 1943, January, March and June, 1944; the *Sign*—July, 1943, March and May, 1944; *Columbia* (Knights of Columbus)—April, May and June, 1944; *Thought* (Jesuit Quarterly) —September, 1943, and March, 1944.

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What are the underlying ideas of this industrious publicist? To get their full impact requires painstaking reading of the "Menace," which is an often clever attack on the theory and practice of democracy—from a supposedly Christian point of view. Mr. Campbell insists that the term, democracy, be used only in its classical or etymological sense, which he takes to be "mob rule." This is none too flattering, but hardly devastating enough to suit the anti-democratic Francis Stuart. He comes up with the terrifying jawbreaker, "ochlocracy," to instill into his readers a proper horror of this form of human governance. It is a term which he repeats, an idea in which he revels.

His case against democracy rests in part on some rather flimsy argumentative pillars. He is forever harping upon the intentions of our American Founding Fathers as the only true expression of what the United States today ought to be. But if the nation is to be dynamic, responsive to the demands of every age, indeed true to the spirit of those Founding Fathers, surely it must develop in accordance with current conditions and the present needs of the American people. How could the founders of our country have foreseen the effects of the Industrial Revolution upon the world of the twentieth century? The express recommendations of the wisest eighteenth century statesmen are hardly the final word as to what we shall do in the mid-1940's.

Similarly Mr. Campbell goes to strange lengths to establish his contention that the Church has never felt particularly at ease with democracy or democracies. As a proof he refers his readers to the encyclicals of Gregory XVI and Pius IX. In doing this he is citing what are obviously special cases, for under the first of these pontiffs the atmosphere was so extreme that "railways, street-lighting, vaccination and gas were considered as dangerous harbingers of atheism" (Binchy: "Church and State in Fascist Italy"). And Pius IX became so bitterly disillusioned by the action of Italian revolutionaries that he was in his later years a determined adversary of political democracy. Why does not Mr. Campbell refer also to the encyclicals of Leo XIII, Pius XI and Pius XII —to encyclicals dealing with the problems of our own day and the democracies of our times?

In describing our American democracy he sheds crocodile tears for the individual citizen lost in a sea of voters. He returns again and again to the ignorance of the man in the street. He intimates that there are only about 3,000 voters throughout the land capable of competent criticism of the New Deal. If the idea occurs to Mr. Campbell that candidates for office in the United States must develop enough of a case to convince the voters in both primary and regular elections, he summarily rejects it. He gives the average citizen credit for no valid political judgment whatsoever. American "ochlocracy" is just plain bad.

On democracy in general the "Menace" cites Saint Thomas (in contrast to certain "low-brow Catholics"), la Tour du Pin and Charles Maurras. Here is the over-facile reasoning quoted from the latter: "Democracy is the rule of numbers; such a government implies equality. But organization implies inequality. Thus democracy and organization are mutually exclusive." In sum Francis Stuart holds that in actual practice democracy leads to a negation of human liberty.

The other arrow in Francis Stuart's quiver is aimed at the modern industrial world, where only the repairman still has a role which is creative. After over-idealizing the Middle Ages, the country village, the remote community in the European mountains, the days when Western man was "dominated [*sic*] by spiritual and ethical conceptions," he refers to the "most amusing struggles" of those who seek to "reconcile the modern world with integral Christianity." In what other world, may I ask, does the Christian find himself? Where else has God placed him to work out his salvation and further the advance of His Kingdom?

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Ortega's prophetic "Revolt of the Masses" was a signal for a whole series of justifiable critiques of the new and empty manner of living which has so far resulted from the development of the machine. The "Menace" is one of the many mirrors of Ortega; hence its reflections are often true. At one point it expresses very well something that cannot be too frequently repeated: that one day it may become evident to all, because of man's new destructive powers, that "the great problems of our existence are of a moral and not of a technical . . . nature."

But in general, only one logical conclusion is possible when an author cleverly and untiringly contrasts a bitingly critical and overly gloomy

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picture of present-day American life with an over-idealized version of human existence before the development of the machine, and with the good old days when the individual was his own master. Mr. Campbell by the ironclad logic of his argument would set us all at the impossible task of trying to turn back the clock. That is the burden of the "Menace."

His magazine articles have naturally reached a wider audience but they are deserving of less attention; their viewpoint is consistent with that of the "Menace" and they continue to indicate that in his day this author has read a lot. They deal with Hungary, Finland, the Baltic States, what to do with Germany, the Balkans, Russian ambitions, and especially with postwar Europe. There is something pathetic about the way Francis Stuart views the latter problem. The one important thing, he declares, is to prevent the spread of Soviet influence, and to do this he would restore monarchy everywhere in Europe. Talk about fighting with firecrackers and cap pistols! He would have us believe that the way to prevent the very real catastrophe of the establishment of a Soviet Europe would be (to use Paulding's term), to bring back "the cousins," most of whom have been discredited and dispersed long since. Try to set the clock back again.

Here are a few quotations that bear me out: "Democracy in the American sense and liberty in the Christian sense flourished during the twentieth century only under the monarchs of northwestern Europe" (*Catholic World*—June, 1944, p. 218). The very limited hope of avoiding the ordeal of Italian civil war depends on one thing: "if Italy succeeds in preserving the monarchical institution." (*Columbia*—June, 1944). In a rather clumsily disguised "Letter to a Fifth Columnist" (*Catholic World*—November, 1943, p. 155) supposedly from the Berlin Ministry of Propaganda, Mr. Campbell quotes the nazis: "Once monarchy is restored from Madrid to Oslo and from Budapest to Holland, we can close shop. We don't want a static Europe but a Continent with innumerable political quarrels, a Continent tense with agitation and propaganda, with changing cabinets, changing ideas." Again, "Poland . . . must give full proof that she wants to return to the supra-national ideals of the old royal republic." (The *Sign*—July, 1943, p. 715).

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That is the sort of thing which for some reason is getting quite a play in American Catholic periodicals these days. I know that well-written articles are scarce. And that anti-Communists have too long been willing to seek any port in a storm. But I can't help wondering how many readers are being persuaded by the strident tones of this curious new Lochinvar.

Communications

BOMBING

Middletown, Conn.

TO the Editors: In your issue of August 11th you printed a letter with the caption "Bombing." Since the COMMONWEAL cannot, of course, print all communications sent to it, I should be interested to know why you chose this one. It contains so many inaccurate statements, such as that the failure of the Dardanelles expedition was the fault of Mr. Churchill, and (by implication) that Mr. Lippmann objects to idealism, that it might have been better, for that reason alone, to have left it unprinted. But the letter is far worse than misleading. In suggesting that Caen (one of the undersigned's favorite spots in Europe for long years) was unnecessarily ruined, the author is either claiming knowledge of military conditions superior to that of soldiers at the front, or generously contributing to the sparing of Caen the lives of Allied soldiers and of the civilians, Jewish and otherwise, who will be slaughtered in every week that the defeat of the Nazis is delayed. In stating that Mr. Churchill (not Hitler) is destroying Europe, the author places the same indictment upon our government and our armed forces. Their collaboration in the "destruction" is voluntary in the fullest sense. Talk of this kind is very serious. But the letter grows even more inadmissible as it goes on. When it claims that Allied bombing has been as indiscriminate as the destruction of life and property caused by the robots, it constitutes an atrocious libel upon our air force and our commanders in Europe. The libel is quite patent. The robot bombing is utterly indiscriminate; while no reasonable supposition, let alone evidence, exists that the same can have been true of Allied bombing, except possibly in a few cases where it was done by irresponsibles. This is utterly beyond excuse. Finally, when the author writes of persons on the Allied side (or any side) "gloating over children in flames jumping into canals," one can excuse such departure from all standards of veracity and Christian charity only by believing it due to hysteria. How such a letter could be selected, after cool consideration, for publication in a periodical adhering to the standards I have referred to, is a mystery.

H. C. F. BELL.

TO the Editors: I have just read the letter from Mr. John Ralston of Montreal, entitled "Bombing," in your issue of August 11. Mr. Ralston's arguments are exactly the same as those presented by the German controlled press in the occupied countries. The least that might be said is that he ignores facts completely. Let that be the excuse.

To say that Bruges does not possess a single factory or has ever been touched by the Germans, is too stupid for words. Just outside of Bruges lies the largest small arms ammunition factory in Belgium. It is owned by the "Fabrique Nationale d'Armes de Guerre de Herstal" and employed thousands of workers in peace time.

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On the other side of the city are located the fairly large docking facilities of Bruges-Port de Mer, which is in fact the inland port of Zeebrugge. During the last war the Germans had built in Bruges-Port de Mer large concrete pens for their submarines which found there a practically indestructible place of refuge less than ten miles from the sea. It can be supposed that they did the same in this war.

It may be that Mr. John Ralston never heard of the heroic British attack on St. George's Day at Zeebrugge when block ships were sunk and they succeeded in sealing up the sea gateway of the Bruges-Zeebrugge canal.

As for Ghent "aside from some textile works," the important "Ateliers Carels" are situated there. They build locomotives, large motors and precision machinery. Ghent, which has very large marshalling yards, is the controlling point of most of the railroad traffic from Germany to the Belgian coast and West Flanders. Its port is also fairly sized and can be reached by sea-going ships through the Gand-Terneuzen Canal.

Our Belgian aviators in the R.A.F., the American and British boys in the flying forces serve the Allied cause with courage and sacrifice, as do their competent leaders. They should not be represented as bent on destruction of civilian lives and property.

A BELGIAN.

The Stage & Screen

Good Morning Corporal

DEAR KAPPO: Being on vacation has spared you a harrowing experience—the experience of seeing a round dozen human beings drain the cup of bad theater to a very hearty layer of dregs. I have no reason to believe that the half-dozen actors involved are really bad people, so I suppose that their share in the enterprise must have been as distasteful to them as it was to me. But I am still puzzled that a very scant and papered-looking second night house didn't walk out on the proceedings. They didn't. And occasionally some of them vaguely snickered.

"Good Morning Corporal" is a farce. Farce is a form of art based on conventions as to human motivation and behavior which are always quite a distance from reality, but which must have a faint aroma of truth to gain our acceptance and our laughter. The present vehicle begins falling apart exactly ten seconds after the first curtain, and its scattered pieces have already begun to decay by the end of the first act. Charity forbids me to record the names of the human beings involved. (*At the Playhouse.*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

Hail the Conquering Sturges

THE simultaneous release of two Preston Sturges films provides an interesting contrast in the work of this director. The comparison however isn't quite fair—for *"The Great Moment,"* made some time ago, represents Sturges at his worst, and *"Hail the Conquering Hero,"* his most recent film, shows off the Sturges technique in its best style.

Perhaps the kindest thing to be said about "The Great Moment" is that the film means well as it tries to show in vivid visualization how sharper than a serpent's tooth is man's ingratitude toward man. The basis for this text is the story of W. T. G. Morton, the Boston dentist who discovered anesthesia. That Morton was done out of any profit from his discovery the film makes quite clear, but that Morton deserved much credit for stumbling upon "Letheon" is a point about which the picture is hazy; and this muffing of the story is due mainly to Sturges's awkward method of telling the facts. Since Sturges wrote the script (following Renê Fülöp-Miller's version of the details) and directed the film, it is he who is mainly responsible for this incoherent mess. Because he wanted the picture to end on its big scene—the great moment when Morton decides that he will reveal his secret to the doctors who are gathered to watch an operation of a patient under anaesthesia—Sturges tells his story as a flashback. But unfortunately he skips back and forth in time so that we are never sure where we are in the proceedings. Morton is portrayed as a dope, a sort of inspired innocent who makes his famous discovery almost in spite of himself. Joel McCrea's utterly humorless performance is partly responsible for the strange and dull characterization. But Director-Writer Sturges is also to blame. It doesn't seem possible that a dentist, even in the middle of the last century, could have been so ignorant about chemistry as this film's hero is. Nor does it seem possible that any director today would consider dentistry or anaesthesia appropriate subjects to combine with slapstick in the Sturges manner. Slapstick and ridicule have always been elements in Sturges films. In "The Great Moment" as in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," Sturges' slapstick is more in bad taste than in good humor. According to legend, Americans get a good laugh when a man slips on a banana peel; but I doubt if today's audience will get many guffaws out of this film's supposedly funny scenes in the operating room or dentist's chair. Mr. Sturges also goes in for a touch of corn in his movies. In "The Great Moment" this touch swells all out of proportion. In the finale, Morton approaches the pathetic little girl who is about to have her leg amputated without any anaesthetic—unless of course the discoverer will tell the assembled doctors what's in his "Letheon." Sturges pulls all stops; organ music fills the sound tracks; a light from heaven descends on Morton as he draws himself up, enters the operating room determined to tell all—to save this girl and future generations from pain even if he loses all profits. What, Mr. Sturges, no angelic chorus?

Now in his other new film (made after "The Great Moment"—which has been lying on the studio shelves for some time where it should have stayed permanently) Director-Author Sturges goes to town. He uses all his tricks—slapstick, ridicule, corn—and has made one of the funniest comedies of this or any other year. As a

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political satire, "Hail the Conquering Hero" ranks with "The Great McGinty" and the best in the field.

Woodrow Truesmith is crying into his beer because he was discharged from the Marines on account of his chronic hayfever. Woodrow doesn't dare return to his mother and his small home town because of the sendoff they gave him when he left, and anyway Woodrow was raised in the Marine tradition—what with his father being a hero at Belleau Wood, etc., etc. His mother thinks her son is at Guadalcanal. Into the bar where Woodrow is feeling very sorry for himself (as he listens to some waiters and a dame in a tight-fitting, low-cut evening dress singing "Home to the Arms of Mother") come six Marines—big, tough, worldly and sentimental as all getout. They melt at Woodrow's story. One of them even phones Woodrow's mother and tells her that Woodrow, slightly wounded, will soon be home. The next thing you know Woodrow in uniform is being escorted by the six burly Marines back to his home town. Their plan (to sneak Woodrow in the backway, let him kiss mama, take off the uniform and get adjusted again) gets a tremendous jolt when their train pulls into the station and they find the whole town out to welcome its conquering hero. And what fun Preston Sturges has with those townsfolk and the welcoming committee—the pompous mayor, his fluttery wife, his blasé son, the excited chairman, the three bands playing different tunes at the same time; it's complete with such Sturgiana as Woodrow's adoring mother, his ex-girl friend (now engaged to the mayor's son) and even the little girl with a bouquet of wilted flowers (not good for Woodrow's hayfever). Well, Woodrow is dumbfounded. One embarrassment leads to another until just when he thinks the hoax is discovered, a group of leading citizens ask him to run for mayor in opposition to the present political stuffed shirt who holds the office.

It would be unfair to tell any more of the plot of "Hail the Conquering Hero." Perhaps I've told too much already. But the story itself is not the important thing in Sturges' films. It's the embellishments that put his movies into a class by themselves. In this case it's not only the acting (from Eddie Bracken's fine performance in the lead, and Ella Raines as his girlfriend, Raymond Walburn as the mayor, Bill Edwards as his pouting son, William Demarest as the Marine Sergeant, right down to the smallest bit player) but also the delightful satire in the Sturges script. The political speeches, the soap box oratory studded with clichés, the advertisements, the campaign song (best since "Wintergreen For President"), all these are details that make this film such good entertainment. And this time the usual Sturges corn as well as his ridicule of the corn (note the toughest Marine who is so shocked at Woodrow's treatment of his mother) and even the slapstick fit into the scheme of this hilarious comedy. If Sturges blubbers just a mite too much in a couple of sentimental scenes, he always manages to follow the sentiment with a joke or touch of irony that pulls the picture back into line. There's the shot of the warrior's statue covered with roosting pigeons. Or there's the scene in the mayor's office where the indignant mayor is incensed at Woodrow's being run for office just because he's a hero returned from the wars. "Soldiers coming back at a time like this," he says indignantly; and then adds, "In a few years you won't be able to swing a cat without knocking down a hero." It took Preston Sturges, who usually calls a spade a spade, to put these lines into the mouth of a politician today. Perhaps "Hail the Conquering Hero" should be on required lists for all office seekers, politicians and campaign managers right now. Did a political satire ever have a more timely release? Did a film ever prick more campaign promises? Pre-election or not, hail Preston Sturges!

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Gerard Manley Hopkins

JOHN PICK

THIS YEAR is the centenary of the birth of Gerard Manley Hopkins, and it is fitting that his life and work should be celebrated by the publication of a very sympathetic and perceptive biography.* Anyone who attempts to write such a volume faces a difficult and extremely controversial set of problems, and Eleanor Ruggles has met the challenge.

The recognition of the unique qualities of Hopkins's poetry has grown steadily in recent years, but he has not always been so fortunate in his critics. Too many of them have felt that he was a poet in spite of his conversion to Catholicism and his membership in the Society of Jesus, that there was a fundamental incompatibility between his genius and temperament on the one side and his religious ideals and dedication on the other. Eleanor Ruggles makes none of these mistakes and emphasizes, with discernment and sensitivity, the integration of the poet and the priest. Hopkins emerges from her book with added stature and greatness.

The present biographer ranks Hopkins among those who are "twice-born":

> The twice-born, and Hopkins was one of them, are men whose more complex, somber and ardent personalities must be first broken on the wheel of spiritual crisis, then reassembled and reanimated by the working on them of divine grace, the touch of God's finger, before this recognition can be attained. They must, in Hopkins's words, be lifted "from one cleave of being to another." They have their recompense, however, for with this rebirth objective nature becomes twice fair to them. Hopkins's mature poetry is the declaration of this renascence. He had achieved that ability of distilled vision toward which, in the days before conversion, his spirit had strained and his thought groped.

Such a passage is a sample—for there are many such—of the high quality of the author's insight into the orientation of Hopkins's character and vision.

It is only in the last ten years or so that the correspondence, diaries, note-books, journals and miscellaneous papers

*Gerard Manley Hopkins: A Life. Eleanor Ruggles. Norton. $3.50.

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of the poet have been meticulously annotated and published so that critics have had the opportunity of studying the full man. Eleanor Ruggles has the advantage of relying on the pioneer work of other scholars, and she makes admirable use of her advantage.

The volume is well-proportioned and fills in rather than adds to our knowledge of the life and mind of this Victorian who is at the same time a modern; the biographer carefully uses the published documents, best sources, and most competent studies, often paraphrasing Hopkins's letters and notes with felicity and grace. The religious, social and historical backgrounds receive more detailed treatment than the literary scene or the exegesis of his poems, but the author writes with ease and authority. She is particularly good at sketching the High Church Movement and the impact of Jowett, against both of which Hopkins reacted, but she is not very emphatic on the influence of Arnold, Pater, and the esthetic movement—against which he also reacted; she is very perceptive of the part which Duns Scotus played in Hopkins's concept of "inscape," but she glosses over the Franciscan philosopher's influence on other aspects of Hopkins's views.

There are sections that are almost novelized, in the manner of the modern school of biography, as where, for instance, she tells of various reactions to Newman's "Apologia": "At Oxford, Pusey plowed grimly through its pages; Jowett scanned it, his eyes behind their pince-nez flickering with distaste." Such passages, though they sometimes obscure the bare fact of history, make the book eminently readable.

Possibly of necessity many enigmas remain, some small, some great. She quotes from his diaries a comment that Hopkins made during his Oxford days before his conversion: "Note that if ever I should leave the English Church the fact of Provost Fortesque (October 16 and 18, 1865) is to be got over"—but she doesn't suggest what this "fact" might be. And when she attacks the problem as to why Coventry Patmore, the friend of Hopkins's later years, himself an experimentalist in prosody, was not sympathetic to the Jesuit's metrical innovations, she says simply, "The circumstance remains that he was not." Nor is the philosophical tangle of the "Commentary on the Spiritual Exercises" unravelled. Such problems perhaps cannot be solved, yet solutions must be hazarded.

Thus one feels especially in the closing chapters devoted to Hopkins's life in Dublin, where, from the depths of desolation, the poet wrote his greatest sonnets. Critics have differed as to whether the Jesuit was undergoing a state known as spiritual aridity, or the Dark Night of the Soul, suffered by the mystics, or whether his trials were due entirely to natural causes. It is here particularly that Eleanor Ruggles abandons the problem:

> Was his depression already irremediable or would it, had he lived, have lifted somewhat? What was the primary spring of his despair—if indeed it may be called despair? What were the lesser tangential causes contributing to it? To what degree was his state of mind contingent on his external circumstances? To what degree did it take its somber tone from the color cast by his temperament upon these circumstances? How much of his repining was that of the mystic unanswered, how much of it was the more commonplace discomfiture of the neurotic unrelieved? The answers to these questions are the prerogative of the individual student.

There are further difficulties in what is otherwise a very competent and thorough analysis: there is the suggestion, at several points, that faith is not super- or supra-natural but irrational ("The influence of Hopkins had been Baillie's sole point of contact with the irrational.") and the questionable evaluation of Newman's "Apologia": "In describing step by step the progress of his conversion, Newman's autobiography revealed him as a man who clung to the skirts of ecclesiastical authority as to his mother's knee, and believed with misplaced confidence that the truths of religion were to be found not in nature nor in his own reason but in the comparison of texts."

Questionable, too, is the use of the term "impersonal" in such a passage as the following: "A measure of relief is often best obtained through that unequivocal surrender of the personal will to an impersonal agency which is the founding principle of the Jesuit order"—for to a Jesuit the surrender is to the will of Christ.

At the close of the volume there is a very useful bibliography, though the principle of selection is difficult to understand; the best commentaries, for instance, on "The Wreck of the Deutschland" (in Bernard Kelly's "Mind and Poetry of Hopkins" and in W. W. H. Gardner's study in "Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association") are not listed.

But these are merely minor flaws in a book which is, in general, a reliable, stimulating, and delightful introduction to a very difficult and provocatively complex poet who was at the same time a priest of God.

Editors' Choice

TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. *Aldous Huxley. Harper.* $2.75.
STATE OF THE NATION. *John Dos Passos. Houghton.* $3.00.
FOURSCORE YEARS. *G. G. Coulton. Cambridge-Macmillan.* $4.50.

Arranged for England

"PRECISELY how all this could be put across without becoming a bore he wouldn't know until he had actually got to work among the words in which it was to be expressed." That is the young poet Sebastian wondering how he will talk about "the actualities of ugliness, cruelty, ineptitude, death." And in another passage he talks about juxtaposing poetic and non-poetic words, beauty and the grotesque. He is a modern poet and no one would spoil his pleasure in being modern by saying that his program recalls Victor Hugo's; there were bright young men also at the "Hernani" first night. But it is the first quotation in this review which is important, for Mr. Huxley indeed performs one trick after another—in the bedroom, with limericks, with talk about art—in order not to bore his public with no less solemn a theme than man's refusal of God.

It may be a matter of national temperment, but in any case it is curious to compare Mr. Huxley with M. Bernanos. It seems almost impossible that the former has not been influenced by the latter. The differences are most interesting. M. Bernanos is content with a Catholic God and his tremendous debates take place within the Catholic theological and sacramental framework. In his

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books are also all the lusts and all the violences. But Mr. Huxley feels that so precise a God would bore his Anglo-Saxon readers and, in fact, would be foreign to them. So that in this novel, as in his general reasoning, all the religions contribute to form the idea of God and anyone may read this novel without feeling that it is about a special God which he might reject as being, *a priori,* alien to his tradition. And then for Mr. Huxley the violence and the lusts must be those of English intellectuals—that is to say never very frank, always terribly self conscious, always so disturbed by "shamelessness."

Mr. Huxley's theology is not the most important thing, and if the young Sebastian is so beautiful and so intelligent and so loved that he ought to be spanked, that is not important either. If Mrs. Thwale is too British an idea of the "evil woman," that is merely amusing. And if the dead Eustace is appalled by the mistakes made by the medium who spoils all his jokes and messages, that is only part of the technique of not boring the reader. What is vastly important is that there are few novels in English in which the basic theme is as serious as it is in "Time Must Have a Stop."

America's Urgent Problems

TODAY'S roving reporter may be said to dish up four distinct sorts or fare: local color, people as people, his own most intimate reactions and socio-political situations. With John Dos Passos in "State of the Nation" the emphasis is strongly on the last of these elements. His remarkably successful touches of local color appear hardly for their own sake; his interest in people as individuals is only passing; his emotional reactions are conveyed only hastily and indirectly. After reading his impressionistic but informative book, it is difficult to imagine a reporter who approaches our national scene with greater seriousness.

His first concern is production for the war—on the farm, in the shipyards of Maine and New Orleans, at Heinz and Jack with their long work week, at the great ports on the Pacific. He finds plenty to encourage him that the work is being done. Yet even as he finds reassurance on this score, he begins to wonder what is to become of all the war workers and their trailer and boom towns. And only in the countryside does he find the promise of the stability that is so essential for our national well-being.

Mr. Dos Passos encounters all sorts of reasons for the difficulties of the American labor movement: its comparative youth in so many industries, the short-sighted opposition of management in the more remote sections, the special status of the Negro worker in the South. Many of these things will reach a certain adjustment in time, but the only consistently hopeful souls he tells about in the labor movement are a few organizers and educational directors. With coops, on the other hand, the picture is quite bright, with encouraging emphasis on the link they could form between country and city folk, farmers and industrial workers. Cooperators will find a wealth of ammunition in this book.

There is a whole lot about Washington, too, where the impression grows that the New Deal has lost its fire. The tendency of farmers, workers, managers the country over to blame Washington for a good part of their troubles has apparently spread to the nation's capital itself.

The first reviewers have it that "State of the Nation" gives every American plenty to think about. And they are right. From the incidence of tuberculosis in Frisco's

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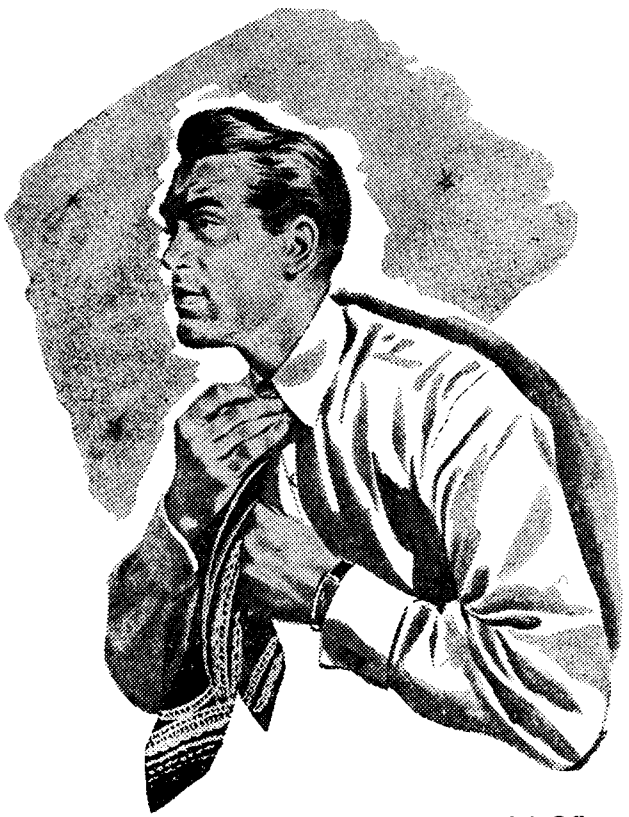

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Chinatown to the recurring problem of the American Negro and the nationwide need for jobs after the war he puts it pretty straight. His is no volume in which to seek really rounded portraits of any number of present-day Americans of every walk and section. It is rather an extremely readable series of first-hand impressions that add up to a lot of responsibility for us all.

A Schoolman

G. G. COULTON is a name which means nothing at all to the general public. Historians know it well, and Catholics interested in history know it as that of a man who has never failed to attack Catholic medievalists and apologists whenever he had the slightest grounds for believing that they were not scientific in their historical approach. For this reason a great many view him as a black and narrow anti-Catholic, without ever having read his controversial writings. No short review like the present can settle the matter. Many of the most popular Catholic writers of the past forty years have felt the prick of his pen—Cardinal Gasquet, Chesterton, Belloc among others. Yet Lord Acton he viewed with high respect, as he did the Abbé Migne. Two of the final sentences in his autobiography, "Fourscore Years," seem to provide the psychological clue to the man: "I felt, and feel still, that there was much unreality in the work that was being done on the Middle Ages, and even, in some conspicuous cases, scandalous literary dishonesty under the excuse of religious conviction. It was difficult, therefore, to avoid that my own books, taken by themselves, should give something of a one-sided picture."

We must remember, as Belloc has rightly pointed out, that history in the English-speaking countries was for centuries a means of propaganda in favor of the Protestant cause, and that this continued to be true until the early years of the last century. Then, with the slackening of religious passion, a greater tolerance became the fashion. The older notion that to be a Catholic was equivalent to being a traitor began to disappear. The clergy began again openly to carry on its work. And in the end Catholic disabilities were all officially removed. Coincidental with this such writers as Lingard and Cobbett began to redress the historical balance and constituted the intellectual forbears of later Catholic historical writing. Yet throughout most of the nineteenth century, most English historians wrote from a Whig and Protestant background. It was therefore natural enough that the Catholics should lean too far in the other direction, as Belloc very clearly has done, time and again.

In the end, then, you got two propagandistic schools of historian—those who accepted the older Whig tradition, and those who imitated it in reverse to favor the interest of the Church. Lord Acton saw that by neither was truth served—except in so far as controversy tends to make men more careful of what they write. But Lord Acton unhappily reached only a very limited audience. Coulton represented a new, and probably temporary, reaction to a double abuse. His approach to history was from the documents rather than from the historians. He was born and brought up in Lynn, an English provincial town which then was redolent of the late Middle Ages and peppered with their remains. By a sort of slow automatic attraction he was finally drawn to the writing of books about that period; the attraction is a clear overtone throughout "Fourscore Years," though nowhere do we find in its pages a clear analysis of the process. Meanwhile the author's own religious life went through a crisis. He had been ordained a clergyman of the Established Church; he came to feel that he could not honestly subscribe to its doctrines. Like so many other men of his generation, the impact of the nineteenth century dissolved his respect for dogmatic theology, leaving him with a belief in God and in immortality and with deeply Christian sentiments, but without much else. It is typical of him that he should vastly admire the modernists.

Combine this strong repulsion against authority in religion with a meticulous knowledge of documentary detail, especially with regard to the more decadent centuries of medieval life, and inevitably the result will be off balance. Yet it is not off balance in order to serve the interests of a religious establishment, but rather in order to deny what it honestly views (and often rightly, too) as the false claims of Catholic apologists. Nor can we deny that all this has served a useful purpose. The level of Catholic historical scholarship in the English-speaking world—by which is meant the genuine scholarship of such a place as the Toronto Institute of Medieval Studies, and not the pamphleteering which some people still accept for history—is certainly higher than it has ever been since the Reformation. For that we owe much of the thanks to Dr. Coulton.

Being a pleasantly rambling and informal autobiography, "Fourscore Years" of course contains a wealth of matter in no way connected with the writing of history. Some of it will prove a little tedious to an American reader, to whom the persons involved mean little or nothing. But much of it is charming and fun to read. Especially good are the pages which describe the author's taking a Lunn's tour to Switzerland, on which he met his wife-to-be. His long interest in and advocacy of the Swiss plan of military training is discussed at length elsewhere in this issue.

More Books of the Week

People, Church, and State in Modern Russia. Paul Anderson. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE student of Russian religious life and Russian religious trends has unfortunately too often been presented with the picture of a docile fold of "ikon-worshippers," led by a long-haired "pope," the very incarnation of unkemptness, ignorance and reaction. That the Russian clergy did have specimens of the corrupt pastor, from whom most churches have suffered, is a deplorable fact. But these specimens were considered abroad not as the exception, but as the rule in Russia. When the successive purges operated by the godless swept away the visible structure of the Russian church, it seemed to certain uninformed observers that nothing could possibly survive the destruction of the façade. Yet, it is now realized that all the basic religious values did actually survive. This means that there was a "church invisible" in Russia, and that its entire history must be retold. The task has been fulfilled by Mr. Anderson with all the knowledge of a scholar and the genuine experience and love of a man who has lived and prayed with Russians.

Speaking of the re-establishment of the Moscow Patriarchate and of the late Patriarch Sergius, the author points to the fact that this revived and stabilized Church,

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though strictly orthodox and canonical, presents certain elements which make it fit to take its place in a new Russia. Mr. Anderson recalls the religious and cultural revival promoted by the Russian intelligentsia on the eve of the Revolution. This movement aimed at social and spiritual reform and culminated in the memorable "religious-philosophical meetings" in Petersburg attended by a number of enlightened priests, as well as by writers, poets and thinkers, such as Berdiaeff and Bulgakoff. The author reminds us that these meetings, which are a landmark in Russia's spiritual development, were presided over by one Bishop Sergius, who was to become under Soviet rule Metropolitan of Moscow and finally Patriarch of Russia.

HELEN ISWOLSKY.

Germany. A Short History: George N. Shuster & Arnold Bergstraesser. Norton. $2.75.

A CONSERVATIVE German, Arnold Bergstraesser —not to be confused with Ludwig Bergstraesser, the well-known author of the "History of Germany's Political Parties" and of "The Political Catholicism"— and a liberal American, George N. Shuster, former managing editor of THE COMMONWEAL and now President of Hunter College, form a team in writing this short history. Apart from the marked hiatus between the two authors there is also a certain disproportion in the organization of the book, as the same space is given to the last twenty-five years as to all the German history that went before. Dr. Shuster in a very outspoken way tells the story from the first World War to Hitler's attack on Poland, with an undisguised prepossession for Centrist politicians like Wirth and Bruening; Arnold Bergstraesser gives a rather colorless report, with a certain emphasis on the cultural values of the enlightenment period. But in spite of the different viewpoints and the different presentation of the authors, each part of the book has considerable merits of its own.

Bergstraesser's presentation makes it evident that nazism is not a logical result of German history but that nazi philosophy and nazi actions are an affront to the values that have endured through all the tormented history of the German nation. Bergstraesser tries to explain how much it meant to the German soul to embrace Christianity, and create the spirit of religious reformation and of an enlightened humanism. He does not share the enthusiasm of most foreign historians for the German "Kleinstaaterei"; he thinks that the narrowness of German particularism was conducive to the individual and regional diversity of the Germans, but that it delayed their intellectual development, and that the desire for German unity was a legitimate trend in European history. It is good to find that he does not confuse the "Grossdeutsche" movement (the early nineteenth century movement for the unity of all German peoples) with the "Alldeutsche" movement (which at the end of the nineteenth century advocated imperialist expansion), so often falsely taken as equivalent terms by American publicists.

Bergstraesser supplements the political history of Germany with a description of the development of her cultural life. But his definitions are so vague that they do not succeed in giving a precise picture, e.g., when he says that "Harnack enriched Protestant liberalism with scholarship and humanism," that Franz Marc was "representative of a serious attempt at artistic re-evaluation,"

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THE ASCETICAL LIFE

By PASCAL P. PARENTE, S.T.D., Ph.D., J.C.B.

Associate Professor of Ascetical Theology
Catholic University of America

$2.50

Pious literature abounds: the Bible and biblical commentaries, the lives of the saints and their ascetical writings, the spiritual works of theologians, and a mass of less eminent productions. Yet we have hardly anything that will serve as a textbook in ascetical theology. What does exist is likely to have some of the following defects: verbosity, absence of doctrinal basis, long excursions into the realms of dogmatic and moral theology, superfluous repetition, excessive exhortations to piety, a homiletic style, a total ignoring of modern controversial questions.

Dr. Parente's THE ASCETICAL LIFE has none of these defects. It is scientific, theological, objective; comprehensive, but not prolix; amply provided with references to Scripture and other authorities, but not in the style of a scrapbook of quotations.

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Teachers and students alike will be gratified with this new textbook of theology. The author, Dr. Pascal P. Parente, is Associate Professor of Ascetical and Mystical Theology at the Catholic University of America.

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or that "the mystical sensitivity of Rilke opened a new domain to lyrical poetry." This molluscal indecision is also evident when the author tells us that Wagner discovered the possibilities of music and the theatre "as instruments for moulding the nation, its philosophy and its culture"—without taking a stand as to whether or not he was a forerunner of nazism.

Shuster, on the other hand, writes colorfully and pointedly, not always without bias, but with a real intention of objectivity. He gives a more accurate description of Germany's débâcle in the first World War than I have ever encountered in an American author, of the tragic situation of the undernourished nation during the armistice period and the great hopes that German romanticism placed in Wilson's Fourteen Points and in a coming millennium of liberty, equality and fraternity. He stresses how much the frustration of such hopes was instrumental in the rise of the nazi movement.

Though Shuster is an apologist for the Weimar Republic he accepts the arguments of Hermens that the proportional ballot was the source of the drift toward numerous inefficient parties and toward political radicalism. He gives a very honest picture of how it impressed the German not to be allowed to bear arms in a world which, except for the Anglo-Saxon countries, was maintaining huge armies. Contrary to the wholesale accusations against German industrialists, Shuster makes it plain that some of them had a well-merited reputation for democratic and social convictions. He makes a legitimate distinction between Hitler's responsibility for the war and the overwhelming German opinion in favor of peace. "The steps by which the Hitler government led Germany into war were so gradual and so well masked by a controlled press and a propagandist radio that very few had any insight into the dire import of what was happening."

It is quite remarkable that while a fight for life and death with Germany is going on, such an objective story of Germany's last twenty-five years could have been written and published. A selected chronology and a very careful index augment the practical usefulness of the book.

MAX FISCHER.

Psychology in Living. Wendell White. Macmillan. $2.50.

MR. WENDELL WHITE'S book falls into two parts: psychology in personal relationships, psychology in the achievement of mental health. An alternate and apposite title for the first section might be "Vademecum for the Traveling Salesman."—who, in it, would find a full supply of all the obvious little tricks, all the shopworn recipes for a show of modesty, of interest in others and of friendliness, which makes these gentlemen so tiresome and so conscientiously amiable. The rubber stamp phrases counseled by the author fill us with a nostalgia not only for men such as Vauvenargues and La Rochefoucauld, but even for an Emily Post. This manipulator is all thumbs and for him all the exquisite virtues of politeness and courtesy, kindness and respect, become mere phrases with which to bedeck conversation: "I wonder if this is not what you have in mind. . . . That gives me an idea . . ." Shades of Aristotle, shades of Saint Gregory!

The second part of the book may be found probably in every elementary psychology text. The author furnishes a description of all the different classes of more or less "maladjusted" people, together with the "symptoms" they present. Here again our professor would have done well to have studied quite simply the cardinal virtues and the cardinal vices; his psychology and his remedies would have gained in depth and completeness. But no. The jealous man, for instance, is given every manner of advice and is told even that it would be a good thing for him to wallow—a religious activity!—in other people's misery, but the author takes great care never to say to him simply: "Try to love your neighbor a little bit more and his joy will become your joy." Yes, that is how it is in this book, and there is not one single aphorism, not a single well turned phrase; everything is damp in a gray, pedantic, clumsy, professorial mist. However, here we may as well follow one of the author's own recipes, murmuring with him, in closing this review: "I am sure you will do better next time . . . don't lose your self respect, just look around you . . . there are cases even sadder than yours."

JEAN C. DE MENASCE.

The Inner Forum

Sidewalk Apostles

WHEN THE Catholic laymen who explain the misunderstood truths of their Faith on street-corners meet for their annual conference in Chicago, September 12th to 14th, something will be added. For the first time zealous curates of the motor missions and chapel trailers that in recent years have carried Catholic truth into the South and rural Midwest, will meet jointly with the laymen.

It will be the first time that the laymen, who do their apostolic work almost entirely in the business districts and public parks of big cities, and the clergy, who almost without exception do this sort of work in remote rural areas, will have had an opportunity to compare notes on the effectiveness of techniques in the public presentation of Catholic credentials to uninstructed non-Catholic listeners.

The laymen are street-speakers, the clergy usually street-preachers. The former address street audiences from a Catholic Evidence Guild rostrum set up on city sidewalks, the latter invade farming communities, often employ amplifiers, recorded music and moving pictures to make their meetings attractive. But the aim of each group is identical: to establish a contact between the Catholic Church and the average non-Catholic and, whenever possible, between the Church and the lapsed Catholic.

The problem in addressing street audiences today is to overcome their indifference—their conviction that religion is more or less of a hobby. It isn't a question of their not believing in God. Priests of the trailer chapels can prove God's existence to a crowd in a manner that is at once satisfactory and convincing: the frequent result is that listeners heartily agree but subconsciously feel: "God exists—so what?"

The solution of this problem lies in the development of new techniques for explaining Who and What God is, and why it is important for a man to know something about his Maker. Then, perhaps, will he become interested in Christ's message to the world as contained in the

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Gospels and in the teaching of the Church He established on earth.

Although many in these audiences know little about God and have contempt for the Church, they will stand on the street listening to Evidence Guild speakers for stretches of two and three hours, sometimes in the cold and rain, and will show up with clock-like regularity week after week. Despite assumed indifference, they live in the subconscious hope of discovering an answer to the riddle of life, they secretly suspect there may be, after all, a divinely ordained purpose in human existence. Like many non-Catholics they have long since rejected the soporific that one religion is as good as another. Some never subscribed to that error. For many such persons, street-speaking has served as an instrument of Divine Grace.

Looking back over eight consecutive years of street-speaking, the writer feels that there are two chief problems which merit the attention of the Conference in Chicago. The first of these, perhaps the more important, is the problem of discovering an effective "follow-up" technique for listeners who evince enough interest in the credentials of the Church to ask a few questions, but are, understandably, not yet ready to go to a church rectory for formal instruction. For many reasons, some of these people never manage to attend another "pitch" and are consequently cut off from further source of information. Guildsmen who have spoken for any length of time or who have mingled with the listeners at outdoor street meetings know this. They have often heard listeners express a sincere desire to learn more about the Church, but discover later they never actually came to do anything about it. True, the *prime* object of the outdoor apostolate is not convert-making; it is the providing of an effective means for making mass-contact with interested non-Catholics and many lapsed Catholics. Such contact plants seeds of truth which often, with the passing of time and God's grace in the souls of men, have helped to bring about conversions. But it is nevertheless plain that methods of following up Guild meetings are needed.

To a limited extent results might be obtained through an "inquiry class" convening at a stated time and place each week. Another apostolate which the circumstances suggest is the religious correspondence course, such as that conducted by Kenrick Seminary.

The extension of the lay street-speaking and kindred apostolates where they ought to flourish, in cities such as Denver, St. Louis, Cheyenne, Los Angeles and San Francisco, and extension of motor mission work by both secular and order clergy, is the second problem the Conference may consider. In England, where the movement has had a thirteen-year headstart, Evidence Guilds are canonically established in every diocese, and today nearly 1,000 laymen have been licensed as speakers. PAUL DEARING.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jill O'NAN is a Cincinnati writer who contributes to THE COMMONWEAL for the first time.

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